

# VARIOUS VERSE FROM VARIOUS VERSEMASTERS



And every little maid and man  
Is proud to be American.  
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

Moon in July.  
The sunbeams, noiseless, by the still, hot  
road,  
Stand up as guards, with blood-red soldier  
plumes.  
How light the hill-blue, clear of cloudy  
glooms!  
How lone the land, with summer over-  
flowed;  
Dry cracks grate; a bee takes larger load  
With low, peevish muttering, where the  
wild rose blooms;  
The bovine breath of sleeping field per-  
fumes,  
Warm air, with drifts of wayward spicery  
sowed.  
—Helen Gray Cone.

Little Brother's "Hunch."  
So, you're going to marry my sister?  
She told us about it last night.  
And said if you wasn't a handsome  
You was otherwise just about right.  
Ma looked sort o' wild for a minute—  
I guess she was thinkin' of you—  
But pa only said that he reckoned  
"Twas mebbe the best she could do.

She gave us a sort of a sample  
Of what you've been sayin' to her,  
Of love flowin' deep as the ocean  
An' heaven's that neverd' b'ar.  
Of how you believed her an angel  
Just leaped to the earth from the sky,  
But pa said she oughtn't to worry—  
You'd git over all that by an' by.

An' say now, she ain't a bad fellow  
As long as we let her be boss.  
'Cept when she gits up in the mornin'  
She's apt to be snappy an' cross.  
I reckon she's told you 'bout Harry  
That gave her the diamond ring,  
An' how when she found it was bogus  
He got the elaborate fling?

Ma says she has heard you are flighty  
An' somewhat inclined to be fast.  
But mebbe that after you're married  
You'll cut yourself loose from the past.  
She said she'd give you a warning,  
But she'll just gamble her boots  
That when you are cinched as her husband  
You'll git agricultural pursuits.

There's one thing I'll say for my sister,  
She never paints up fur a beau;  
Jest rolls up her forehead in papers,  
Fur frizzes become her, you know.  
An' ma says regardin' her figure  
She's lucky that she kin escape  
A-havin' a dressmaker help her  
Build up to presentable shape.

I think when you git in the harness  
You're goin' to work double all right;  
She'll never kick over the traces  
If the marriage bandwagon runs light.  
Jest do the square thing an' you'll find her  
The sweetest old rose in the bunch,  
But if you say—cheese! I'll be comin'!  
"Don't tell her I've give you a hunch!"  
—Denver Post.

Sleep is a sea; we leave the landmarks of  
the day,  
The song of birds, the bells of sheep, and  
drift away.  
Sleep is a sea; the lights fade out along the  
shore,  
Across hope's bar the floods of memory  
pour.  
And now the sweet voice of the night is  
in our ears—  
Once out beyond the headland we forget  
our fears.

Far out upon the tide the darkness softer  
grows;  
We fix our eyes upon a star, but no one  
knows.  
The charless track. Sleep is a sea; far, far  
the shore—  
Good night! We shall come back to yester-  
day no more.  
But, following the distant calling of the  
deep,  
We set our sails and steer down, down to  
down in sleep.

In the Nineties.  
"Hot weather," the pessimist hollers,  
"And vain are the hopes of man!"  
Thank heaven for rubber collars,  
And the old palmetto fan!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Tragedy.  
"I did call for thee, Fair Queen,"  
He said,  
"Yes, oft and oft I called,  
And oft and oft I bawled,  
And could have won the fight, I ween,  
If thou hadst come to me, Fair Queen,  
He said,  
"And oft I called for thee, Dear Jack,"  
She said,  
"Yes, oft I've wept, and sang,  
And could have beat the whole shebang,  
If thou hadst quit the measly pack  
Of idlers, and had come to me, Dear Jack,"  
He said,  
"Thus Queen of Diamonds, and the Diamond  
Jack,  
Grieved each other in the musty pack,  
But the game was lost and the way was said,  
So they fell into the jackpot dead."  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Nonsense Song.  
Oh, Topsy Toodles, come with me;  
To wander land beyond the sea;  
The mysterious Land of Fiddle-de-dee,  
Where a thousand million wonders be;  
Where a lark can bark,  
And a cow can howl,  
Where a kite can write,  
And a pig can dig,  
Where a goat can float,  
And a sheep can weep,  
Where an owl can scowl,  
And a rook can cook,  
Where a snake can make  
Herself a cake,  
And put it in a stove to bake;  
Oh, come with me, oh, come with me;  
Oh, Topsy Toodles, come with me.  
—Carolyn Wells.

Swing, cradle, swing.  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Sailing is the sailor's joy,  
Swing, cradle, swing.  
Chorus.  
Swing, cradle, swing, cradle, swing, cradle,  
swing;  
Swing, cradle, swing, cradle, swing, cradle,  
swing.  
Snowy sails and precious freight,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Baby's captain, mother's mate,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Never fear, the watch is set,  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Stormy gales are never met,  
Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep;  
Swing, cradle, swing;  
Now he's in the cove of sleep,  
Swing, cradle, swing.

Marion.  
She can be as wise as we,  
And wiser when she wishes;  
She can knit with cunning wit  
And dress the homely dishes.  
She can flourish staff or pen,  
And deal a wound that lingers;  
She can talk the talk of men,  
And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her to jacks across the sea,  
Natures fond and fiery;  
Ye who seat the turtle's nest  
With the eagle's cry.  
Soft and loving in her soul,  
Swift and lofty soaring,  
Mixing with its dove-like dole  
Passionate adoring.

Such as she who'll match with me?  
In flying or pursuing,  
Subtle wiles are in her smiles,  
To set the world a-wooing.  
She is steadfast as a star,  
And yet the maddest maiden  
She can wage a gallant war,  
And give the peace of Eden.

In Passing.  
The weather here is trying,  
But to blame it we are loth,  
While the mint is in the juice  
And the straw is in 'em both!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

Guest: "See here! This steak is almighty small!"  
Waiter: "It is rather small, sir, that's a fact! But you'll find that it'll last as long, till you're through eating it, as a larger one!"  
—Hettie Weit.



## AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, speaking at the great Anglo-American banquet, said: "There can be no jealousy between America and England, because it is not lost what a friend gets."—London Daily Express.

Name of the First State.  
A dapper young negro applied at the Treasury Department for a position.  
"What can you do?" asked one of the secretaries.  
"Anything, sah, anything."  
He drew himself up proudly. "I'm from the first State in the Union, sah."

"New York?"  
"No, sah; Alabama, sah."  
"But Alabama isn't the first State in the Union."  
"Alphabetically speaking, sah; alphabetically speaking,"—Washington Star.

Mermaid's Cozy Corner.  
Neptune approached the subject with evident reluctance.  
Placing his hand to his lips he blushed and coughed slightly, as indicating that he spoke

stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"  
"No, sir," replied the funny man on the Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."  
And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.  
—Colorado Springs Gazette.

The French patriot beat his breast.  
"Mon dieu!" he cried, "After all my serv-  
ices to my country, to be denied the boon of  
being voted a public enemy! Mals parlieu!"  
Toutefois, en avant!  
Eau de vie, garcon! One may still dis-  
cuss the policy of getting drunk and disor-  
derly.—Detroit Journal.

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There wasn't any bird, not even a seagull,  
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U. S. man-of-war Petrel, and then the man  
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and escaped from the car before his wrathful  
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An Oligarchical Tragedy.  
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to the grade that those asked to purchase  
it felt they must insist on, two loving hearts  
have been rudely thrust asunder, and there  
are two large chunks of woe down in the  
southern part of the State. The scene of  
this oligarchical tragedy is the little hamlet  
of Rhine Creek, not far from Binghamton.  
The principals are Harry Davis and Ellen  
Johnson. These two live on adjoining  
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discovery that Ellen was about the best  
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clining years of his life (Harry is "in his  
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About the same time Ellen woke up to the  
warm fact that Harry was it. When mat-  
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At this point a group of villains, both  
heavily and sheavily, came on to the  
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eary harshness and with cruel disregard of  
the tender feelings of Henry and Ellen they  
declared in chorus that this must not be,  
must not be, and that all was over between  
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cursing sotto voce. So ends the first act  
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it to the city, sell it, and with the proceeds  
thereof start the merry marriage bells  
a-ringing.

The third act opens in Binghamton.  
Henry and Ellen have come to town with  
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De Tanquer: "I once lived on water for ten  
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O'Sonogue: "Why didn't you take one of the  
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Mrs. B: "Have you any near relatives,  
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Norah: "Only an aunt, mum; an' it's  
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Mr. Perkins: "Miss Simpson, my heart  
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Miss Simpson: "Well, Mr. Perkins, I can't  
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me, Mr. Perkins, shan't have a chance to  
throw it up to me that I led him on."—Chi-  
cago Record-Herald.

It was late, and getting later.  
However, that did not stop the sound of  
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Meantime the gas meter worked steadily.  
The pater endured it as long as he could,  
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## A REMARKABLE BIRD DOG.

"Talking about bird dogs," said the man  
with the shifty eye, in the rear seat of the  
trolley car—and nobody had said a word  
about bird dogs or any other kind of dogs—  
"I had the most remarkable bird dog that  
ever happened, I guess, when I was living  
out in Santa Barbara, Cal., in '95. I don't  
suppose there ever will be the likes of that  
dog on this earth again. I raised him from  
a pup. He was a pointer from away back.  
It was just as natural for that dog to flop  
on his haunches and eat things that don't  
agree with us.

"He began to point before he had shed  
his milk teeth. I took him out for a walk  
one day when he was about two months  
old, and it took us about four hours to get  
over two miles of ground, for that dog  
would sit down and point at a bird about  
every 10 feet of our progress. It didn't  
make any difference what kind of a bird  
it was that he pointed at. He'd point at an  
old kind of a bird. If a little bunch of Eng-  
lish sparrows would settle down in the mid-  
dle of the street he'd just sit down and  
point at them, and it was all I could do to  
get him to come along with me.

"He'd point at a robin sitting on top of  
a cypress tree, and he'd point at a  
brahma rooster clawing up a flower bed  
in a front yard. Any old thing that had  
feathers on it that dog of mine would point  
at. I had him out one afternoon when a  
bull-headed eagle began to soar around  
above Santa Barbara, about three miles up  
in the air, and I pointed at that dog didn't  
catch sight of the noble bird and squat  
down and point at it until I had to bat  
him with a club to induce him to come  
along with me.

"One day I had an aching tooth, and  
I decided to go to a dentist and have the  
miserable molar yanked out. I felt so bad  
that I took that pointer pup along with me  
for company on my way to the dentist's  
office, and when we got to the door he  
slipped into the office with me. Next thing  
I knew that pointer pup of mine was sitting  
back on his quarters, a pointing at a pic-  
ture of some ruffled grouse that the dentist  
had on the wall of his reception room.

"In the course of time pointing got to be  
a regular mania of that dog's, and I  
couldn't take him out for exercise very often  
on account of his habit of lagging behind  
point at feathers. Took him one afternoon  
when he was about a year old, and a furni-  
ture van with a lot of some beds came  
along. One of the pillows was broken at  
the side and a lot of feathers escaped. That  
dog of mine saw the flying feathers, and  
blame me if he didn't sit down and point at  
that furniture van. Fact.

"But that wasn't the queerest thing he ever  
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O'Sonogue: "Why didn't you take one of the  
fast boats across?"—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. B: "Have you any near relatives,  
Norah?"  
Norah: "Only an aunt, mum; an' it's  
New Orleans she lives, mum."—Harlem Life.

Mr. Perkins: "Miss Simpson, my heart  
holds a great secret, but I feel timid about  
confiding it to you."  
Miss Simpson: "Well, Mr. Perkins, I can't  
help you out any; the man who proposes to  
me, Mr. Perkins, shan't have a chance to  
throw it up to me that I led him on."—Chi-  
cago Record-Herald.

It was late, and getting later.  
However, that did not stop the sound of  
muffled voices in the parlor.  
Meantime the gas meter worked steadily.  
The pater endured it as long as he could,  
and then resolved on heroic measures.  
"Phillips," he called from the head of the

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## RAIDERS TOOK TO PREACHING.

An Epidemic of Religion Swept Over  
Mosby's Famous Command.

Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous con-  
federate ranger, whose command was for  
years a menace to the Northern armies, was  
in the East recently and one of his friends  
was reminded of a characteristic story con-  
cerning the famous ranger.

Slightly before the great election the  
former ranger chief was sent as Consul to  
Hong Kong. Here he remained a great  
many years. On his return to America he  
settled in San Francisco, where he is now  
practicing law. After a lengthy absence he  
visited his old home in the Shenandoah Val-  
ley and was heartily greeted by all his  
former friends and neighbors. Naturally,  
his greatest interest centered in the mem-  
bers of the old command and he made it his  
business to hunt up as many of them as he  
could trace.